



CHAPTER I.

THE GLIMPSE OF THE CARAVAN.

The afternoon was still very warm, but a gray mist drifting over the Irish Channel and sailing eastward over the long Island of Anglesea, was beginning to scatter a thin, penetrating drizzle on the driver of the Caravan.

Right and left of the highway stretched a bleak and bare prospect of moorland and moorland, closed to the west by a sky of ever-deepening red, and relieved here and there by clumps of stunted woodland. Now and then peeped a solitary farmhouse, with outlying fields of swampy greenness, where lean and spectral cattle were languidly grazing; and over and upon came a glimpse of some stony lake or tarn, fringed all round with thick sedges and dotted with water lilies.

The road was as desolate as the prospect, with not a living soul upon it, far as the eye could see. To all this, however, the driver of the Caravan paid no attention, owing to the simple fact that he was asleep.

He was roused by a sudden jolting and swaying of the clumsy vehicle, and a sound of splashing water, and, opening his eyes sleepily, he perceived that the gray mare had turned out from the center of the road, and, having placidly entered a stagnant pond on the roadside, was floundering and splashing in the mud thereof, with the caravan rocking behind her. At the same moment a head was thrust round the back part of the vehicle, and the driver exclaimed:

"You scoundrel, where the devil are you driving to? Wake up, or I'll drive every bone in your skin."

Addressed, Tim woke himself with a start, and looking round with a dazed expression, replied:

"Blaggy, Master Charles, I thought it was an earthquake entirely. Come out of that now. Is it wanting to ground yourself, you are? G-r-r-r! No more, any."

The latter portion of the above sentence was addressed to the mare, which was at last persuaded to wade out of the pond and return to the dusty track, where she stood quivering and panting. No water was the return to terra firma accomplished than a light, agile figure descended the steps at the back of the caravan, and ran round to the front.

An excited colloquy, angry on the one side, and apologetic on the other, ensued, and did not cease, even when the driver, with a flick of his whip, put the caravan again in motion, while the other strode alongside on foot.

It was just such a Caravan as may be seen any summer day forming part of the camp on an English common, with the smart face of a gypsy woman looking out of the door, and half a dozen children in the yard, rolling on the grass beneath, as may be observed, smothered in wickerwork of all descriptions, or glittering pots and pans, moving from door to door in some sleepy country town, guided by a glossy gentleman in a velvet coat and hareskin cap, and attended by a brawny hussy, also smothered in wickerwork or pots and pans, as, furthermore, may be described, forming part of the procession of traveling circus, and drawn by a pie-bald horse which, whenever a good "catch" is found, will complete its day's labors by performances in the ring.

A Caravan of the good old English kind, with small windows, ornamented by white muslin curtains, with a chimney stop for the smoke to come through from the fire inside, with a door behind ornamented with a knocker, and only lacking a door plate to make it quite complete, in short, a House on Wheels.

The driver, though rough enough, and red with sun and wind, had nothing in common with the ordinary drivers of such vehicles, and in point of fact, he was neither a gypsy nor a traveling tinker, nor a circus performer. Though it was summer time, he wore a large three-cornered, descending almost to his knee, and on his head a wide-brimmed hat, with a high crown, and a beard, and somewhat shaggy face, shone with a healthy glow. His companion, Master Charles, as he was called, bore still less resemblance to the Bohemians of English lands and woodlands. He was a slight, handsome, fair-haired young fellow, of two or three and twenty, in the tweed attire of an ordinary tourist, and every movement he made, every word he spoke, implied the gentleman.

Presently, at a signal from his master for such he was, Tim drew rein again. By this time the sun was setting very red, far away to the west, and the thin drizzle was becoming more persistent.

"How far did you say it was to Penryn?"

"Ten miles, sir."

"The mare is tired out, I think. We shall have to camp by the roadside."

All right, Master Charles. There's a shanty shelter beyond there where you see the trees. Tim added, pointing up the road with his whip. The young man looked in that direction, and saw, about a quarter of a mile away, that the highway entered a dark clump of trees, and he nodded assent and walked rapidly forward, while Caravan followed slowly in his rear.

Reaching the point where the wood began, and entering the shadow of the trees, he soon found a spot well fitted for his purpose. To the left the road widened out into a grassy patch of common, and with one of two bushes of stunted hawthorn, and stretched out a dusty arm, to touch a large white gate, which opened on a gloomy, grass-grown avenue winding right through the heart of the wood. The Caravan, coming slowly up, was soon placed in a snug position, and far from the gate, the horse was taken out and suffered to graze, while Tim, searching about, found some sticks and began to light a fire.

As he sat into the Caravan, the young man looked at a camp stool, on which he was seated, and noticed a meerschaum pipe, which he picked up. They could hear the faint pattering in the boughs above them, but the spot they had

chosen was quite sheltered and dry.

The fire soon blazed up. Entering the Caravan in his turn Tim brought out a tin kettle full of water and placed it on the fire, preparing to make tea. He was thus engaged when the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard along the highway, and presently the figure of a horseman appeared approaching at a rapid trot. As it came near to the group on the roadside the horse alighted violently, springing from one side of the road to the other, so that its rider, a dark, middle-aged man, in an old-fashioned cloak, was almost thrown from the saddle. Uttering a fierce oath, he recovered himself, and, reining in the frightened animal, looked angrily around; then, seeing the cause of his misadventure, he forced his horse, with no small difficulty, to approach the figures by the fire.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in harsh, peremptory tones. "What are you doing here?"

The young man, pipe in mouth, looked up at him with a smile, but made no reply.

"What are you? Vagrants? Do you know this place is private?" And he pointed with his riding whip to a printed notice, which was posted on the stem of a large fir tree.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, with the utmost sangfroid; "we are, I imagine, on the Queen's highway, and, with your permission, we purpose to remain for the night."

Struck by the superior manner of the speaker, the new-comer looked at him in some surprise, but with no abatement of his haughty manner. He then glanced at Tim, who was busy with the kettle, from Tim to the gray mare to the wheels. The scowl on his dark face deepened and he turned his fierce eyes again on the young man.

"Let me warn you that these grounds are private. I suffer no wandering vagabonds to pass that gate."

"May I ask your name?" said the young man, in the same cool tone and with the same quiet smile.

"What is my name to you?"

"Well, not much, only I should like to know the title of so very amiable a person."

The other condescended to no reply, but walked his horse towards the gate.

"Here, fellow!" he cried, addressing Tim. "Open this gate for me!"

"Don't stir," said his master. "Let our amiable friend open the gate for himself."

With an angry exclamation the rider leaped from his saddle, and, still holding his horse's reins, threw the gate wide open. Then, still leading his horse in hand, he strode over towards the young man, who, looking up, saw that he was nearly six feet high and very powerfully built.

"My name is Monk, of Monkshurst," he said. "I've a good mind to teach you to remember it."

"Don't be afraid of the reply," Monk, of Monkshurst. "I shall be certain not to forget it. Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst! Tim, is the water boiling?"

For a moment Mr. Monk, as he called himself, seemed ready to draw his riding whip across the young man's face, but, considering himself, he surveyed him from head to foot with a savage anger. Nothing daunted, the young man returned his stare with something very like supreme contempt. At last, muttering beneath his breath, Mr. Monk turned away, and, leading his horse in hand, he strode to the gate and remounted, but even then he did not immediately depart, but remained for some minutes seated in the saddle, scowling over at the encampment.

Thus occupied, his square and figure set in the gloomy framework of the trees, he looked even more forbidding than before. His face, though naturally handsome, was dark and tempestuous with passions, his eyes deep-set and fierce, his clean-shaven face, and determined. For the rest, his black hair, which was thickly mixed with iron-gray, fell almost to his shoulders, and his upper lip was covered with an iron-gray moustache.

At last, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, Mr. Monk turned his horse round with a fierce jerk of the rein and rode rapidly away in the shadow of the wood.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVES FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL.

"Before setting forth on this memorable pilgrimage to nowhere, I promised a certain friend of mine, in literary Bohemia, to keep notes of my adventures, with a view of future publication, illustrated by my own brilliant sketches. I fear the promise was a rash one—firstly, because I am constitutionally lazy and adverse to literary exertion, and, secondly, because I have, as yet, met with no adventures worth writing about. Not that I have altogether lost my first enthusiasm for the idea. There would be novelty in the title, at any rate. 'Cruises in a Caravan,' by Charles Brinkley, with illustrations by the author: photographic frontispiece, the Caravan with Tim as large as life, smiling self-consciously in delight at having his picture taken. My friend B— has promised to find me a publisher, if I will only persevere. Well, we shall see. If the book does not progress it will be entirely my own fault, for I have any amount of time on my hands. Paint as hard as I may all day, I have always the long evenings, when I must either write, read, or do nothing."

"So, I am beginning this evening, exactly a fortnight after my return from Chester. I purchased the Caravan there from a morose individual, with one eye, who had built with a view to the exhibition of a Wild Man of Patagonia, but said will man having taken it into his head to return to County Cork, where he was born, and the morose individual having no definite idea of a novelty to take his place, the Caravan came into market. Having secured his traveling palce, duly furnished

with window-blinds, a piece of carpet, a chintz bedstead, a table, a stove, and utensils, not to speak of my own artistic paraphernalia, I sent over to Mulrany, County Mayo, for my old servant, Tim-na-Chalig, or Tim o' the Ferry—otherwise Tim Linney; and with his assistance, when he arrived, I purchased a strong mare at Chester Fair. All these preliminaries being settled, we started one fine morning soon after day-break, duly bound for explorations along the macadamized highways and byways of North Wales.

"I am pleased to say that Tim, after he had recovered the first shock of seeing a peripatetic dwelling house, took to the idea wonderfully. 'Sure it's just like the old cabin at home,' he avowed, 'harrin' the wheels and the windies and the chimney and the baste to pull it along; and I think the resemblance would have been complete in his eyes if there had only been two or three pigs to trot merrily behind the back door. As for myself, I took to the nomad life as naturally as if I had never in my life been in a civilized habitation. To be able to go where one pleases, to dawdle as one pleases, to stop and sleep where one pleases, was certainly a new sensation. My friends, observing my sluggish ways, had often compared me to that interesting creature, the snail; now the resemblance was complete, for I was usually preceded, when I have been comfortably fixed upon my shoulders, crawling tranquilly along."

(To be continued.)

FADS AND FADDISTS.

People who have made their way upward and onward in an inconspicuous sort of fashion are apt to believe in luck.

The late A. T. Stewart's belief that if the old apple-merchant on the corner did not follow him uptown his luck would desert him, is well known.

There is a rich man in New Jersey who fancies that yellow is his lucky color. He paints everything about his premises yellow in consequence, often in the most amazing fashion.

A woman who deals in real estate in New York whose fortune is large. She wears about her neck a button tied to a shoe-string. It is usually concealed, but when she begins to bargain she takes the button in her fingers. Without it she believes she would do some foolish thing.

Years ago, a great financial light dropped the button as he passed her and she considers it as a talisman.

Another rich woman in New York returns home if she meets a person with one eye, her day, she says, will be unfortunate if she transacts business after meeting such a person.

It is said that the old mother of the Rothschilds always resided in the tumble down old house where they were born. She believed that if she left it their luck would leave them. Every morning servants carried her in a sedan chair to the palatial homes of her sons; but they carried her back at night. She slept in the old house, and her servants carried her in a sedan chair to the palatial homes of her sons; but they carried her back at night. She slept in the old house, and her servants carried her in a sedan chair to the palatial homes of her sons; but they carried her back at night.

The wife of one of those wealthy men who astonish the world by failing, always declared that it was "because he carried an umbrella over head in his office."

In fact there are hundreds of people who, quite sane and sensible in other ways, are fixed in their belief as to the most absurd things concerning good and bad luck.

SCRAPPED WITH A RASP.

Sirs.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

Miss A. A. Downey, Manotick, Ont.

The reason the piano is such a sympathetic instrument is because it is played—Rochester Democrat.

MY LITTLE BOY.

Gentlemen.—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Balm and it cured him very quickly.

Mrs. J. Hackett, Linwood, Ont.

A German student has estimated that it cost Columbus about \$7,500 to come over here and discover us. It was worth every cent of the investment.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FOR FROST BITES.

Sirs.—For chapped hands, sore throat, and frost bites, nothing excels Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I had my feet frozen three years ago and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which soon used up the frozen part.

Chas. Longmuir, Alameda, N. W. T.

"This is not altogether the kind of a house I counted on," said a suburban resident, showing his new residence to a friend, "but the architect says it suits him."—Philadelphia Record.

Thirty-Eight Pounds.

Brantford, May 29.—The Courier of the 26th inst. has a column to the case of Archie Rymal of this city, who was discharged some time ago from hospital here as incurable, and went to his mother's home to die. He was so far gone that he could not move hand, foot or head, and could not change his position without assistance. His wife bearing of so many so-called incurable cases being cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after every other known remedy had failed, purchased a box. After taking nineteen boxes, Rymal was cured, and has gained in weight from 107 to 145 pounds. This case is startling, but true.

There is this good to be said of the silver dollar. If a man sees one lying in the street, he won't pass it for 65 cents.—Philadelphia Times.

Cholly—Do you ever have moments when you feel like doing something absurd? Myrrilla—Yes, indeed. Why, when you proposed to me last I felt for a moment like accepting you.

IT HAS BEEN PROVED.

It has been proven over and over again that Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, scrofula, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Try it. Every bottle is guaranteed to benefit or cure when taken according to directions.

The well bred man is nowhere so certain of his standing as in a crowded street car.—Troy Press.

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Gentlemen.—I have found B. B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with such headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as my family medicine. E. Bailey, North Bay, Ont.

When a child wants a favor from his parents, he asks his father's permission and tells his mother he is going to do it.—Aitchison Globe.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Dear Sirs.—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B. and am also giving it to my children. Mrs. Walter Burns, Maitland, N. S.

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Driven to Ruin.

Poor Soap did it. Washing day was too much for him and so he sought the cup that cheers. Moral for wives.—ROYAL CROWN SOAP produces no such calamity. Use it always. Send 2 Royal Crown Wrappers to the Royal Crown Soap Co., Winnipeg, and get your choice of five beautiful pictures, 14 x 8 inches, without printing. Sent free by mail.

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BACK-ACHE
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WILL CURE YOU.
Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief.
75 per cent of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys.
Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system.
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Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant SYRUP.
PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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THE MAIL has the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in Brandon. Our Books are open for inspection to our Advertisers. Circulation over 15,000.

BRANDON MAIL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1893.

HOW THEY DO IT.

The last plans for the family company are indicated by the last Gazette. There are to be special examiners in the courts. A. D. Cameron and D. H. Cooper. Now, A. D. Cameron is a silent partner in the firm of Sifton & Philip, and D. H. Cooper is brother-in-law to partner Philip. So far as heard from the chain stands thus: The Greenway is premier, brother John Greenway, collector of specimens for the Chicago show, including game, say, eggs for the hotel, son Greenway, special clerk on the Chicago exhibition. We have not heard that there are any more of the Greenways out of employment.

Next, Clifford Sifton, Attorney general; Brother-in-law Burrows, overseer of public works, at Lake Dauphin, later, M. P. P. for the same constituency. Sifton Senior, inspector of public buildings, an office specially created for the old gentleman after his importation from California, whether he had gone to spend the rest of his days. Special examiners, partner Cameron, and brother-in-law to partner, D. H. Cooper. We have not heard that Mr. Sifton has any more relations either without hands on the udder.

The Portage Liberal says:—The Patrons of Industry presented an address to Van Horne on Saturday, but owing to its length and shortness of time it could not be read; we hear that it was far stronger in its general tone than the address of the Board of Trade, even going so far as to state that many of the oldest farmers were on the point of leaving. This is a deplorable state of affairs according to this showing, and we sincerely trust Mr. Van Horne will meet the strained position in such a way that our backbone, the farmers, will be satisfied to remain among us.

Well, it is really a fact farmers in the vicinity of the Portage are being driven out of the country by high railway rates, after Greenway & Co. paying the N. P. R. \$535,000 for competition! Friend Liberal, is this really the case? Do tell the people the naked facts.

The Morden Herald (Greenwayite) is terribly thunder struck because the proposed reduction in wheat rates by the C. P. R., is not more than 1c. a bushel. Well, as the C. P. R. without compulsion, offer of emolument from the people voluntarily offered to make that reduction is it too much to ask the N. P. R. to make a further reduction of 1c. when the people paid it \$535,000 for competition? We would like to know the Herald's innermost opinion on this matter and the more especially as the N. P. R. was paid this money for competition. Does the Herald think the people ought to be satisfied with Greenway's payment to the N. P. R., when the only competition it will offer is the adoption of the C. P. R. rates what ever they may be?

The Brandon Sun says the Reformers are refused work on the city public works, because of their politics; and it now transpires that the very man who gave the Sun the information is at work on the new side walls. If, however, it is "points and public favors" the Sun is after, so we'll like it to tell us of a single instance in which the Greenway Government gave employment of any kind to a Conservative up to the time Burrows got the Lake Dauphin contract and Long went whooping for Mulvey.

The Brandon Sun will have it that there was no more corruption and laziness again. Mr. Macdonald in the late city election than the public ever heard of. The name of common sense, the Sun and its manipulators allow the press to lapse before that corruption was moved. Everybody at this age must know that one party to a protest cannot have things as he desires unless the other consents, and Macdonald could not have resigned until all of the alleged corruption was brought to the surface, if Burrows and his friends said so. This thing of hawking around a drum to bring home game when the gun is "busted" is a very feeble way of advertising. Again we would ask our confederates: Is it true that Mr. Macdonald pressed the case to the point when he claimed that he was not the people would be the question to be asked the Sun is a question to be asked.

Mr. E. J. Macdonald, a cousin of the late Mr. J. H. Macdonald, is the last of the family to be mentioned in the list of the names of the family.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of The Mail.

Sir,—I should not be an advocate in causing the celebrities from coming into Canada, but seeing that they come here for a short period, accumulate wealth very rapidly, in consequence of their cheap mode of living, such as the poorest Canadian could not imitate. I think they should be made to pay a very heavy license. I think a license of \$250 a week, laundry men, while the amount of fees they pay is almost nominal and in a few years convey all their wealth to "him." It is surely fair to the persons doing the same work, raising families, to make them pay to come to pay, clothing, and shoes for the family, &c. &c.

Yours, &c., T. Spencer.

To the Editor of The Brandon Mail.

Sir,—In your issue of May 25th, I wrote a letter to A. Colquhoun advertising his horse. I presume you will give me a little free advertising for Sir Arthur, (8993), winner of Diplomas at the Spring Station show. Mr. Colquhoun keeps harping about the award at the Fair, and also insinuates that his horse is sound, when not only judges but a large percentage of the crowd at the fair, pronounced him lame; and I submit Dr. Torrance's certificate for this assertion:—

Brandon, April 28th, 1893.

"I hereby certify, that I have this day at the request of the Brandon Agricultural Society, examined the Clyde Stallion, 'Charming Charlie' and that I can find no lameness or cause of lameness about him."

FRED. TORRANCE, B. A., D. V. S. Now Sir, I will ask you or any legal gentleman, if that means anything. It certainly does not say that this horse is sound. Of course, it is a little hard on Mr. Colquhoun to be beaten; he considered he was invincible—he was a Napoleon; but he has met his Wellington. Sir Arthur can beat him any time on points, judged by experts; and if Mr. Colquhoun knows as much about points of deaf breeding as he should, he will rise an investigator. He is anticipated that Mr. Colquhoun intended making so much noise over the decision of the Fair, I most assuredly would have entered my protest for First Prize in Clydesdale class, and from testimony of the judges, I would have got it. I was advised to protest, but was satisfied to let the matter rest. However, his tone is not that of a gentleman, but of a man who is not satisfied. I am in a position to show you and your readers, that nothing of the kind is carried on; the very absurdity of the idea should present itself to any man of sense; why the present form, J. McMulvey, has held his position for about five years doing as well as the gentleman who have held the position of Chairman of Board of Works, have been both Grits and Tories. Having worked with Mack during all the season he was foreman I know very well he allows no feeling of nationality, religion or politics, to influence him and as regards the staff of men under him, he is as fair as the sun to me, as he is to his employees, and see that those under him, do their also, and we be the one who does not. I asked him for employment this month, which he promised me as once, as once the particular kind of work I was qualified for was commenced, meanwhile I interviewed the present Chairman, Mr. H. Cameron, and he gave me as much truth there is in the Sun's information. I relate now occurred. Being a stranger to him he asked me where I lived, having told him, his only remark in reply was, "You are always like to give our citizens the preference. No word of politics or religion, and I know that my case is just an illustration of all the others. I would like to mention that at present, there are about thirty men employed on the city work, of whom only one are Roman Catholics. As to the other I don't think anyone could ascertain, but I know there are both Grits and Tories. I hope, Sir, the writer in the Sun was not prompted to circulate the conduct of the clerk of the weather as he acted to Brandon on Friday the 13th inst. By giving his hand at a little and allowing it to be permitted, I could give you plenty of information on this matter, which would go to disprove the statement made in the Sun, but perhaps the foregoing is quite sufficient; but if at any future time you require further information, you may have it from,

Yours faithfully,

One who knows.

The Britishers at the World's Fair celebrated the Queen's Birthday; the Canadian and Irish representatives taking a prominent part.

A Cyclone in Canada.

A terrible cyclone passed through the United States and Ontario last week, carrying the wheat crop north of the border. Considerable damage has been done. Identified. The cyclone struck the city of Brandon, at 2:30 on the 23rd of May and lasted for about ten minutes, during which time, damage was done to the extent of \$64,000; it carried away roofs of the houses, blew down chimneys and blew off the plates of the wooden mills. Considerable damage has also been done by the storm at Aurora. At Tilsonburg, great damage was done and a man killed. At Windsor the damage done amounts to \$6,000; Niagara Falls and Belleville were also severely damaged. At Niagara a man was killed. A circus tent at Perth was blown down; at St. Jean Baptiste school house at Ottawa, was blown down by the storm and killed a little girl who was passing at the time. Damage was also done at Heslop, Berlin, Orillia and Montreal. The losses caused by the storm at Louisville, Ky., amounts to \$20,000.

20 Miles to Procure Medicine.

Winfield, Ont.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville.

DEAR SIR,—Am selling your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" in this locality. I have customers who come 20 miles for the sake of getting "Morse's Pills." This speaks for itself as to their value. I have used them in our family with the most satisfactory results. My wife has been cured of sick headache by their use. We would not do without them. Yours, &c., A. KRAMPHIN.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

A WARNING.

The Young Women's Christian association of St. Paul is endeavoring to extend a warning to every young lady out by the societies in Chicago interested in the welfare of women. Its substance is as follows:—

"The procurer, the seducer, the fast man and the intriguing woman, aggressive in their methods, will be on the continual watch for the innocent and unwary. Thousands of young girls are wanted, fresh material for the brothels during the fair period. The public schools employment agencies, workshops, boarding houses, the ranks of domestic service, even the seminaries are canvassed for new recruits to take the place of invalids, suicides, the diseased, the dying, the dead. It is because the young, healthy daughters of the country who shall be attracted to Chicago at this time may be decoyed to supply and stimulate the demand for the means of indulging in vice, that this warning is sent out, and should be heeded. What concerns Chicago this summer, interests a great many other places."

Mothers and guardians are advised to accompany their daughters and wards to the World's Fair if possible, and under no consideration permit them to leave home without the escort and supervision of a trustworthy person of mature mind.

ALL FOR "LOVE."

CHICAGO, May 26.—High Eater, a colored sleeping car porter. Wednesday shot and killed Davett Sherrell, also colored, dangerously stabbed Officer Wilson K. Harris, and was himself fatally wounded by Officer Owen O'Connor who attempted to save the life of Harris. Eater found Sherrell talking to the sister of a woman of whom he was infatuated, and although Sherrell had done him no harm, he drew a revolver and shot him down. He then ran out of the house, but was arrested by Harris. On the way to the station house Eater suddenly drew a knife and stabbed the officer several times. A fight followed and the officer was soon helpless through loss of blood. He managed to draw his revolver and was about to use it when Officer O'Connor came up. The crazed negro fired two shots at O'Connor; who drew his own revolver and shot him through the abdomen. Sherrell died on the way to the hospital, and Eater cannot live.

ANOTHER C. P. R. RUMOR.

Montreal, May 25.—It is stated here that the C. P. R. will shortly purchase the steamship Arizona, Alaska, and the City of Rome. The idea is to place these vessels on the Vancouver and Japan route, and transfer their owners from that route to the Quebec and Liverpool service which they propose to purchase.

1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

"La Cadena" and "La Flor" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit to this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.

Dec. 22, '92.

Pipe Smokers.

You may be satisfied with the brands of tobacco you have been using for years. Grant it: that you are satisfied. As there is always room for improvement, we ask you to try our OLD CHAM Pipe, or cut smoking tobacco, and we believe you will be BETTER satisfied. In any case a trial won't hurt you. Don't delay upon the order of buying, but buy at once. Aug. 18 ad.

"Clear Havana Cigars," "La Cadena" and "La Flor." Insist upon having these brands.

For Sale.—The Brookside Farm of 480 acres.

THIS FARM IS CLOSE TO CLINTON, eight miles north of Clinton, and is one of the best grain and stock farms in the Province. There are on this farm 1200 acres, 200 of which are under cultivation. There are a new frame house and barn, a good water supply for dairy land, and all the necessary farm implements, and 1000 acres of good pasture, well shaded with trees, and a running stream of good water through the center, all well fenced. With the farm are 1000 acres of good wood land, with 12 head of cattle, and all free of crown taxes. The owner is a man of liberal means to make money. The proprietor has made a decided success of it, and is only selling because of his changing his business. At the same time he offers for sale of rent the Laundry House, property on St. 21, near River. The house is comfortable and warm and well suited for a first-class boarding house, being centrally situated. Apply to the proprietor, J. O. Lusk, for information, John Brooks, proprietor.

WILSON & MILLICAN GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

BEST IN THE CITY. All kinds of Repairing Done. New Brick Shop Opposite the City Hall.

'El Padre' PINS.



That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain, 'El Padre' Pin. Always ready to alleviate pains and ills. For a full description of this pin, see the advertisement in the paper.

MARKETS.

The prices paid in the city to farmers at present are as follows:—Wheat No. 1...50 to 52c. Oats...20c. Barley...25 " 30c. Bran, none in the city. Potatoes, scarce. Eggs, per doz...10 " 12c. Butter, per lb...20c. Potatoes, per bush...35c. Beef, per lb live weight...3 " 3c. Mutton, per lb...4 " 5c. Hay per ton...11 " 12c. Hay (bulk)...8 " 10c.

PROF. H. WIGAND, OF HALLE OS, GERMANY.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE & ORGAN

Ancient Languages and Conversational German taught. For terms apply to the Mail Office.

BIRTH.

REARON—On Friday 26th inst., the wife of Charles C. Rearon, of Hayfield, of a daughter.



JOSEPH WARD & CO., MONTREAL. Canadian Agents for Ashton's salt.

THOMAS LEPMING & CO., MONTREAL. Canadian Agents for Higgin's Eureka.

The Whitelaw

Trading Co.

HAVE IN STOCK

THE largest stock in Brandon. The cheapest stock in Brandon of Groceries, Provisions and Fruits, which they will sell both Wholesale and Retail.

BLUESTONE, barrel and sack Salt, Dutch Soot and Shallot Onions, Garden and Field Seeds, Hungarian Grass, Timothy and Turnip seeds, Seed Oats, Flax and Potatoes.

Write for prices any order accompanied with cash to the value of \$15 will be sent to any place in the province freight paid.

Brandon, Man.

Canadian Pacific Railway

QUICKEST ROUTE TO

The World's Fair

Direct and cheapest route to Toronto, Montreal, New York, and all eastern cities; also to Rochester, Buffalo, Albany, and the Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC COAST.

Excursion Tickets to Fair.

To EUROPE.

From Montreal every Wednesday and Saturday from New York every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

AUSTRALIA

From Vancouver to Honolulu and Sydney.

S. S. Milwaukee, leaves Vancouver June 14th, S. S. Warrimoo, leaves Vancouver July 14th.

And every month thereafter.

CHINA & JAPAN

From Vancouver to Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Empress of China, from Vancouver July 13th, of India, " " June 30th, of Japan, " " June 25th.

And about every four weeks thereafter.

For full information apply to F. C. PATERSON, C. P. R. City Ticket Agent, Brandon.

G. B. NOBLE, Contractor and Houseowner.

Residence between 4th and 5th Streets, P. O. Box 76, Rosser Ave.

IMPOUNDED.

IMPOUNDED on May 22nd, in Ward 1 of the Municipality of Whitehead. 1 bay city, 2 years old, with one white hind foot and white stripes face.

S. S. SIMPSON, Poundkeeper, S. 27, T. 9, R. 20.

D. G. C. SINCLAIR.

REAL ESTATE, LOAN & INSURANCE ACT.

Companies Represented—Atlas Assurance Co. London, England; Capital \$1,000,000. Sun Insurance Office—Capital \$7,000,000. Insurance Company of North America—Capital \$2,500,000. North American Life Assurance Company.

Farms in every locality for sale on easy terms. Brandon City Property, lots in all parts of the City cheap. Estates managed. Rents collected.

NOTICE—DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between LEWIS & DESJARDINS, of the Commercial Hotel, Alexander, Man., is dissolved. The business will be continued by Samuel Lewis.

RAMUEL LEWIS, Alexander, Man., May 14th, 1893.

Don't Insure Your Life

or pay any more reserves until you are sure you understand the fundamental principles of Life Insurance. Cash dividends and bonus additions are high sounding phrases, but the money they represent was in the first place taken from the policy holder for that very purpose and not for Life Insurance.

The true principle of Life Insurance is to get all the insurance you can for the least possible outlay consistent with absolute security.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Association offers absolute security and the rates are only half the amount charged by old line companies. Its assets in proportion to liabilities are nearly double that of the largest level line companies. See parliamentary returns or consult

J. H. Wood, Agent, BRANDON.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, BRANDON.

STALLION SEASON, '93

Messrs. J. D. McGregor & Co. beg to announce that they will stand the

At the J. D. McGregor, Rosser Ave.

By Big Box (3,400) lbs., 17 hands, weight 1,900 pounds, &c.

The Shire Stallion, &c.

The Shire Stallion, &c.

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BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, June 1, 1893.

So far the British board of agriculture has refused to grant a license for the slaughter of Canadian cattle at the port of Aberdeen, in Scotland, but from an interview recently had with the lord provost of that city, the chief officer of the board in London, Eng., was given to understand there is the prospect of the present restrictions on the Canadian cattle trade being entirely removed within a month. This will come as a relief to all those who are interested in cattle raising in Canada for foreign markets. It is to be hoped that when the present embargo is withdrawn no more false alarms will be raised about the existence of pleuro-pneumonia amongst Canadian herds, and the responsibility, if such exists, shall be placed on the proper shoulders.

Reports are being freely circulated in Germany to the effect that the French government is reinforcing the French troops in the eastern and German frontiers with regularity and rapidity, and strengthening and extending its outposts at various points with the view of taking prompt effective action against Germany. It is further stated that men are at work night and day laying double lines of rails between Bismarck and Bervigny in order to hasten the mobilization of the French army. Men who think they can see a little beneath the surface of things, however, say that this rumor is only an electrifying dodge, intended to influence the electors during the coming elections for the Reichstag, in favor of candidates who have pledged themselves to support the army bill.

The citizens of Galt, Ont., were recently informed by Mr. Charlton at a public meeting that reciprocity with the United States is a matter of easy accomplishment for Canada on the most favorable terms, that is, on the give and take principle, which would include a list of manufactured articles, and not involve discrimination against Great Britain. This information, he says, was communicated to him by prominent politicians of the Democratic party who were good enough to say, putting it in Mr. Charlton's words, "Of Canada's representatives you sent a miserable, contemptible and pettifoggish commission to Washington, who made the American government a cat's paw to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. They could not negotiate a treaty, but when the Canadians sent down a proper commission we will treat with them."

The battle over the Home Rule bill continues through its committee stage with unabated force. Great bitterness of language has been indulged in by parties on both sides of the house. Here are a few samples of the opponents of the measure: At Paddington Mr. Balfour described with vigor his "hated, loathing and contempt of home rule," and announced the bill as "at once infamous and monstrous." Lord Randolph Churchill has referred to the present cabinet as "inflated by their arrogance beyond the point of ordinary insanity." Mr. Gladstone, he said, was making a "deliberate attempt to humiliate and ruin England." While Prof. Tyndall, Mr. Gladstone's historic enemy, is equalling with his pen what the Tory politicians are doing with their tongues. In a recent letter he calls John Morley the English Robespierre, and Mr. Gladstone a traitor to his country. "Sufficing everything sacred to his overwhelming lust of power, and surrounding himself with sycophants who push into monstrous activity the worst qualities of character." The professor also described the Home Rule bill as the "evil demon of the House of Commons; a veritable night-mare." This ebullition of venom has evoked only ridicule from the Liberal and Radical press. The opposition proposed so many amendments to the first clause, that it took five nights to discuss them, although not one of them was carried. The bill contains 43 clauses and if no better progress is made with the remaining clauses it would take 200 nights more to dispose of the entire measure.

The appointment of Mr. John Ruskin to the position of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Lord Tennyson, is, taking all the circumstances into consideration, the best selection that could possibly be made to fill this time-honored, though, as some think, antiquated, post in the service of his sovereign and country, for it is no less for the honor of the one than the glory of the other. Ruskin appears to be another illustration of the saying that "poets are created not made," as he does not wield his pen to the greatest advantage to himself as a writer of verses, nor does he appear anxious to rest his reputation upon his products as a poet. Nevertheless he is a man of great literary attainments, and, as an art critic and prose poet, he stands head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. His published prose works are replete with the sweetest spirit of poetry, and as an art critic he is a peer amongst men. He has on more than one occasion abandoned all idea of versifying, as he said he could not express his ideas adequately in verse. Still it is admitted he has done some things in meter that are worthy of

note. His model is formed on what is considered in the present age, the antiquated style of Pope, Scott, Byron and Shelley. Here is a stanza built upon the lines of Byron's "Don Juan" alternating with melancholy and heroic rhetoric: Weep not for those who in their honours die. Whom thou forbids to perish—for the brave! The mighty and the glorious all pass by. All must go into the voiceless grave. While the following verse is after the style of Shelley, and is taken from a piece that is considered as the best production of his declining years and is thoroughly Ruskinian. Trust thou thy love; if she be proud, is she not sweet? Trust thou thy love; if she be mute, is she not pure? Lay down thy head full in her hands, low at her feet; Fall sun and breath yet for thy peace, she shall endure. Some critics consider Ruskin's style testy and harsh, but a more intimate acquaintance with his works as a whole will show him to be pathetic and eloquent, breathing forth a lofty spirit, not devoid of true poetic genius.

A Competitor With the C. P. R.
Preliminary steps have been taken for the organization of the proposed new Atlantic and Lake Superior railway route. The new line is from Sault Ste. Marie to Ottawa and Montreal, then to Lake Huron, and over the International to Gaspe basin which connects with the Northern Pacific at Duluth. The capital will be \$10,000,000. The following are elected the first board of directors: Pres. Hon. R. B. Thibault, Montreal; vice-president, Col. Chisholm, New York; second vice-president, D. Bertram, L. Cornwall, secretary, C. N. Armstrong, Montreal. Directors, A. F. Gault and J. N. Greenfield, Q. C., Montreal; D. Davis, Ottawa; R. R. McManis, M. P., Gengary, Ont. It is also proposed to run a fast line of steamships from Gaspe to Liverpool. The project contemplated by the new company is a most important one, as it concerns the future of the province in floating the scheme, to enter into serious competition with the Canadian Pacific railway, and the project may have a most important bearing on the transcontinental traffic. The promoters claim powerful English and American backing.

A Practical Witness.
A boy was called to testify in a case at assizes in which one man hit another with a shovel. A lot of witnesses had been called who "went about the bush" in the most tedious and provoking manner. This annoyed the lawyer for the prosecution, who broke out as follows: "Here, boy, you've been going round this case for hours and yet have not evidence to convict the prisoner. Now, sir," he savagely continued, "do you hear me?" Did you see the blow struck?"

"Yes, sir."
"Ah, ah!" chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "We have something to do with this. Here, boy, go down and fetch the shovel. If you saw the blow struck, you must know how it was given."

"Yes, sir."
"Now, then, no words about it. I tell you, for I am the complainant and you are the prisoner, now raise the stick and show the court." The bewildered lad did raise the stick, and the next moment it came down upon the bald pate of the astonished lawyer, and sent him staggering to his seat.
"That is a practical demonstration of the truth of what you say," said the boy, amid the shrieks of laughter of the whole court room.

Comical Case-Taking.
Who was the modest husband who begged his wife to tell him "his setting shins?" The story is referred to by John Oliver Hobbes in the preface to the second edition of his "Study in Captations." The modest husband, he added, "in order that I may conquer it, and so please you in all respects." With much reluctance, and only after many exhortations, she finally consented to do so. He then replied that he feared he was "just a trifle—only the merest trifle—selfish." "I am not perfect, I admit," said the husband, "but perhaps I am a fault creature; but if there is one fault which I thank God I do not possess it is selfishness. Anything but that!"

Disorders of the Brain.
A touching story is told by Dr. N. Y. in his "Disorders of the Brain." A patient of his, a young lady, was engaged to be married, and was with her intended husband by the stage coach which passed within a mile or two of her house. One day she went to meet him, and found, instead, an old friend, who brought the news of his sudden death. She uttered a frightful scream. "He is dead!" and then all consciousness of her misfortune ceased. "Day by day she uttered in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet. I will return to-morrow.' I know of nothing sadder or more pathetic than this romance of a doctor's note-book."
Southey tells of a man who had lost his memory for all substantives, and another who had forgotten all his adjectives. The second case would not be altogether a misfortune to some of our public speakers, but the other one must have been embarrassing. It must have resembled in effect that shower of explosives without a subject with which the lower orders, in moments of great excitement, relieve their minds.

The Ambassador's Wit.
Some years ago, in Paris, some people were discussing the discoveries of Columbus in the presence of the late Lord Lytton, the British ambassador in Colombia. I should explain, is the French for "the dove." "It is very singular," someone once observed, "that in Colombia discovered the Old World and in Colombia discovered the new." "Yes," replied Lord Lytton, "but infinitely more curious is it that the one came from Noah and the other came from Genoa."

Curious Legends About Falling Stars.
Here and there in the highways and byways, of the world many legends and superstitions still linger and continue to retain their ancient prestige. In Galicia, the peasants believe that when a star falls to earth it is at once transformed into a beautiful woman with long hair, blonde and glittering.
This splendid creature, miraculously engendered, exercises on all who come in contact with her a magical influence. Every handsome youth is fortunate enough to attract her attention becomes her victim. Thus having allured them to her, she encircles them with her arms in an embrace that becomes gradually tighter and tighter until the poor dupes are strangled to death. If certain words are murmured the moment the stars start to fall they cause her allurements to lose their power.
From this superstition springs the custom of throwing a star seed, hurrying through the air, a wish said surely to come true if completely formulated before the light is extinguished.

The Spaniards saw in the falling stars the souls of their dead friends, the thread of whose existence was cut short by destiny. The Arabs thought that the stars were burning stones thrown by the angels upon the heads of devils who attempted to enter Paradise. The Koran reproduces and amplifies this idea. It is to this particular idea that Moore refers to in the following lines from "The Rubaiyat of the Poet":
Faster than the starry stars,
Plunged at night from angel hands,
Are these dark and daring spirits,
Which do climb the empyrean heights.

Another ancient superstition, belonging originally to the pagans, but one to which the Christians cling, is that the stars are the souls of the dead, and when it rains stars, it is related that during the third year of the reign of Constantine the Red Sea carried away, and in the following March so many stars fell from the sky that people thought the consumption of the centuries was at hand.

To make observation regarding the phenomena of falling stars, notes concerning these phenomena were found in the writings of the celestial astronomer as early as 687 A. D. These notes are preserved in the observatory of the court at Peking, and have a most important bearing on the transcontinental traffic. The promoters claim powerful English and American backing.

A Lady That Did Not Care for Looks.
An optimist age would pronounce her hair golden, but there is a more realistic age, and as she stood in careless haste before the mirror, with a sea-green dress laid revealed the lily-roses of her face, the most charitable judgment would not call her pretty. "I don't care for looks," an expression of deep contentment permeated her countenance as she reached for the pigment and with deft stroke supplied a rich red color for her lips and cheeks. "Looks are superficial," she murmured, "the only thing that counts is the heart. I have a heart of gold, and my eyes are over all spread a snowy powder which lent to her face the delicacy of texture and satin fabric of her hair, a color of gold, the most charitable judgment would not call her pretty. "I don't care for looks," an expression of deep contentment permeated her countenance as she reached for the pigment and with deft stroke supplied a rich red color for her lips and cheeks. 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